



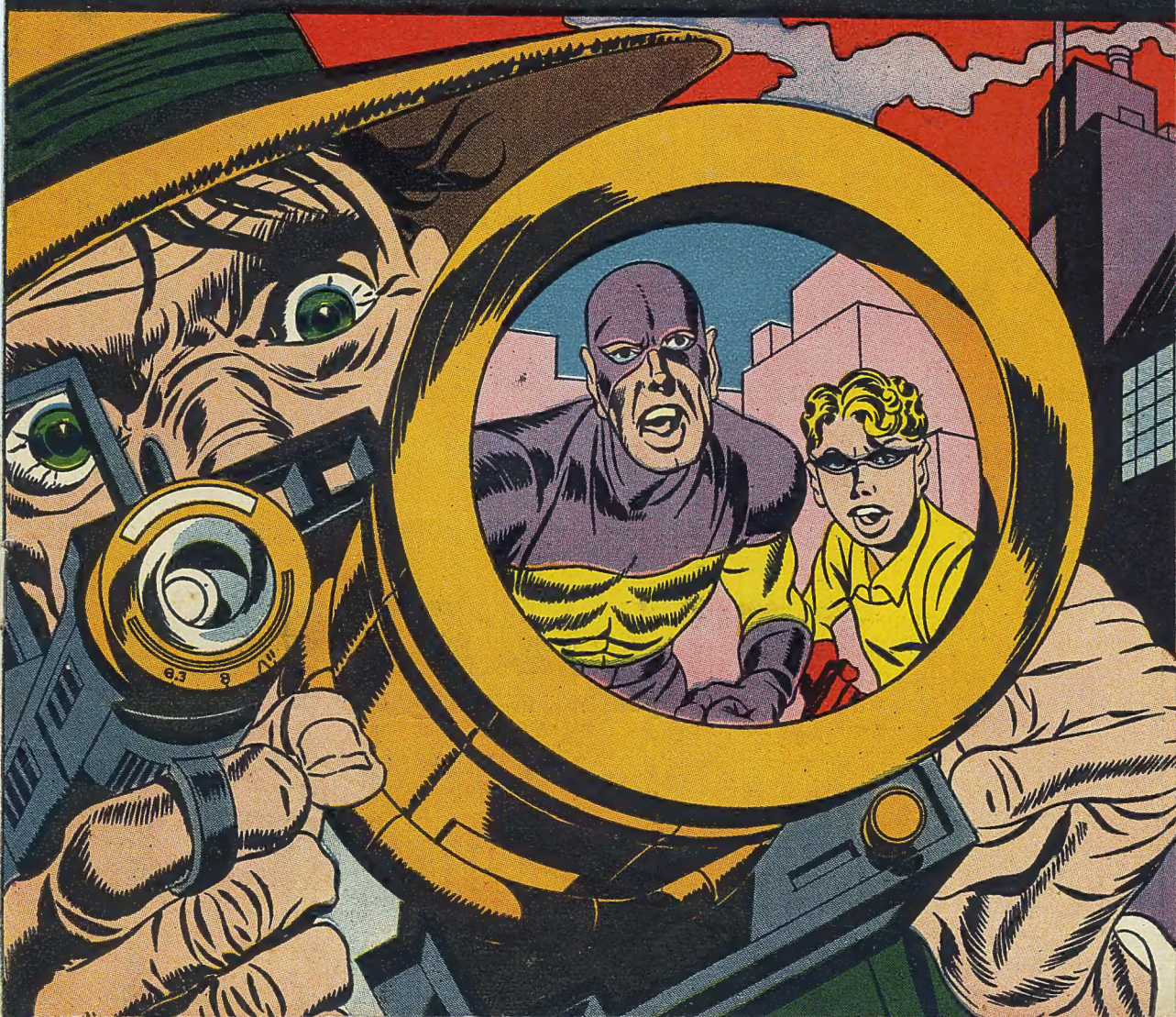
No. 94

OCT.-NOV...TEN CENTS



Adventure COMICS

A THRILLING NEW SANDMAN ACTION STORY!



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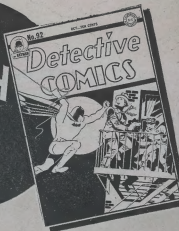
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AND ADVENTURE will be published bi-monthly;
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only eight times a year and PICTURE
STORIES FROM THE BIBLE only twice a
year until further notice.

WANT
ACTION
?



WANT
MYSTERY
?



WANT
LAUGHS
?



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SUPERMAN - DC SYMBOL...
IT'S YOUR GUARANTEE
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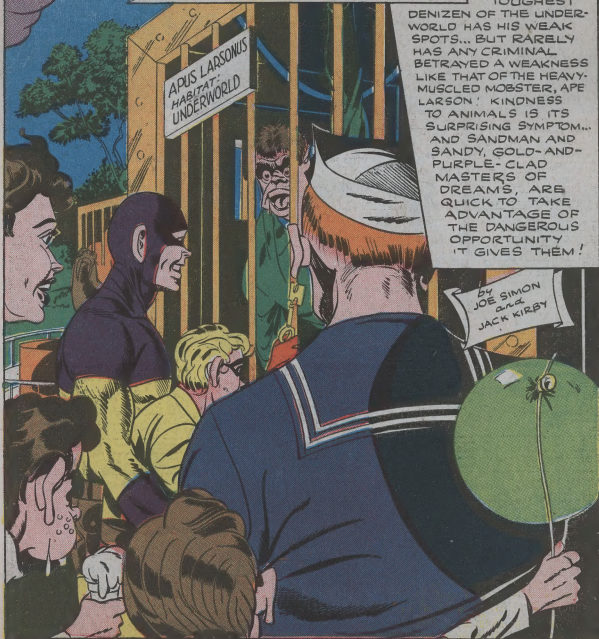
The SANDMAN

**"REINCARNATION
OF A ROGUE!"**

**EVEN THE
TOUGHEST**

DENIZEN OF THE UNDER-
WORLD HAS HIS WEAK
SPOTS... BUT RARELY
HAS ANY CRIMINAL
BETRAYED A WEAKNESS
LIKE THAT OF THE HEAVY-
MUSCLED MOBSTER, APE
LARSON! KINDNESS
TO ANIMALS IS ITS
SURPRISING SYMPTOM...
AND SANDMAN AND
SANDY, GOLD-AND-
PURPLE-CLAD
MASTERS OF
DREAMS, ARE
QUICK TO TAKE
ADVANTAGE OF
THE DANGEROUS
OPPORTUNITY
IT GIVES THEM!

by
JOE SIMON
and
JACK KIRBY



THIS TALE BEGINS AS SO MANY TALES HAVE ENDED—WITH A SWIFT PURSUIT OF AN EVIL-DOER BY SANDMAN AND SANDY...



YA AIN'T GOT ME YET, SANDMAN!

THAT RECK-LESS RISK GAINED YOU ONLY A FEW SECONDS, APE LARSON! WHEN I GET YOU, IT'LL BE WORSE THAN YOU EVER DREAMED!



YA MEAN IF YA GET ME! HUH... A ROPE!



WITH SWIFT AGILITY PATTERNED AFTER THAT OF THE ANIMAL FOR WHICH HE IS NICKNAMED, APE SWINGS UPWARD!

LUCK'S WID ME! SANDMAN AIN'T CLOSE ENOUGH TA SEE ME DO THIS!



SPLIT SECONDS LATER...

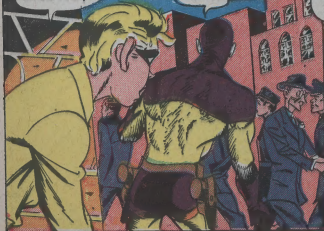
HE'S NOT IN SIGHT!

HE MUST BE BREAKING A WORLD'S RECORD FOR SPEED!



WE'VE LOST HIM IN THE CROWD!

SHUCKS, SANDY, AND I THOUGHT WE HAD HIM!



APE ENGINEERED THAT BIG JEWEL ROBBERY LAST WEEK! I THOUGHT IF WE CAUGHT HIM, WE COULD GET HIM TO DO A LITTLE TALKING!

I DON'T THINK HE'S THE KIND THAT TALKS IN A HURRY! BUT MAYBE WE'D BETTER NOT GIVE UP YET... WE MIGHT RUN ACROSS HIS TRAIL AGAIN!



MEANWHILE, HIDING ALL SIGNS OF EXCITEMENT, APE LARSON MAKES HIMSELF AT HOME IN HIS ACCIDENTALLY DISCOVERED HIDEOUT...

A LIBRARY, AND NOBODY'S GIVIN' ME A TUMBLE: I'LL JUST PICK MESELF UP A BOOK, AN' TAKE IT EASY UNTIL DA SANDMAN GIVES UP LOOKIN' FER ME.



SUMPIN' ABOUT CARNATIONS: GOOD, I ALWAYS LIKED FLOWERS!



BUT "REINCARNATION," AS YOU KNOW, AND AS APE SOON LEARNS, IS NOT EXACTLY A STUDY OF FLOWERS!

WAD DAYA KNOW... IT SAYS DA OLD GREEKS BELIEVED DAT WHEN YA KICKED DA BUCKET, YA BECAME AN ANIMAL, LIKE A DOG OR A MONKEY: DAT'S REAL INTERESTIN'!



AN HOUR LATER... IMAGINE - AN ORDINARY MUTT I MEET IN DA STREET, COULD BE MY BRUDDER! DA SANDMAN MUSTA GIVE UP BY NOW, SO I'LL SCRAM, AN' TAKE DIS ALONG! I WANNA LOIN SOME MORE ABOUT DESE TINGS!



BUT THE SANDMAN NEVER GIVES UP!

IT'S FUNNY, SANDY... JUST HOW DID APE GET AWAY?

WE RE-TRACED OUR STEPS, BUT—



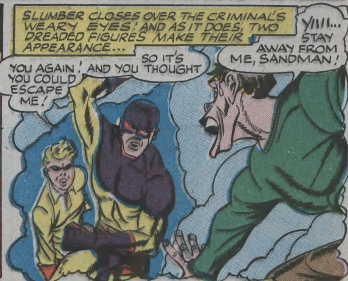
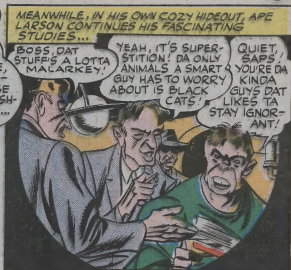
WAIT A MINUTE! THAT ROPE! SANDY WE'VE BEEN BLIND!

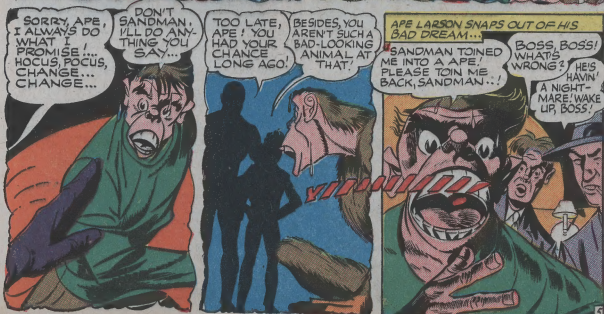


SECONDS LATER...



NO, SANDMAN, I HAVEN'T SEEN ANY SUCH PERSON AS YOU DESCRIBE! I'M SORRY I CAN'T HELP YOU...





AS THE PANICKY CRIMINAL EXPLAINS THE CAUSE OF HIS TERROR...

BOSS, DA TROUBLE WID YOU IS YA GOT DAT BOOK ON YER MIND! SANDMAN'S A TOUGH CUSTOMER, BUT HE CAN'T TOIN YA INTO A ANIMAL!

SURE, IF YA WASN'T UPSET, YAD JUST LAUGH DIS OFF! WHY DON'T YA RELAX, BOSS? NUTTIN' EXCITIN', LIKE DA MOVIES, OR A FIGHT... JUST GO TO DA ZOO...

YIIII... NOOOO!!!

DON'T MENTION DA ZOO TO ME! NOT AFTER WHAT I BEEN T'ROUGH!

OKAY, BOSS, I WON'T! (HE'S GOIN' WHACKY... MAYBE WE OUGHTTA GET A NEW BOSS?)

HIS CALM RESTORED, APE LARSON UNFOLDS A CLEVER SCHEME...

SO WE PULL DIS JOB, BOYS, AN' LEAVE TOWN! TO-GEDDER WID WHAT WE PICKED UP LAST WEEK, WE'LL HAVE ENOUGH DOUGH TO LAST FER A WHILE... AN' WE WON'T HAVE TO WORRY ABOUT SANDMAN AND SANDY.

BUT MEANWHILE, THE SANDMAN AND SANDY HAVE CONTINUED THEIR SEARCH FOR A LEAD...

A BREAK AT LAST!

I PICKED UP A GUY LIKE WHAT YOU DESCRIBE, A COUPLE OF BLOCKS DOWN THE STREET FROM THE LIBRARY, SANDMAN! AND I REMEMBER WHERE I LET HIM OFF, TOO!

I NOTICED HIM BECAUSE HE WAS READIN' A BOOK... AND HE DIDN'T LOOK LIKE THE KIND OF GUY THAT COULD READ!

HMM, THAT BOOK MAKES ME DOUBT IT WAS APE! BUT SHOW US WHERE YOU LET HIM OFF, ANYWAY!

AND SO AS THE CRIMINALS LEAVE THEIR HIDE-OUT, THE GOLDEN PAIR ARE SCANNING THE NEIGHBORHOOD FROM A NEARBY ROOFTOP...

THIS IS THE KIND OF NEIGHBORHOOD APE WOULD HIDE IN!

YES, SANDY, I'M AFRAID IT WON'T BE EASY TO PICK HIM OUT!



BUT AS THE MOBSTERS HEAD FOR THEIR AUTO-MOBILE...

OUTTA ME WAY, MUTT!

WHY, YOU DOTY RAT.



KICKIN' A DOG THAT'S MAYBE ME OWN BRUDDER!

OWWWW...! I DIDN'T MEAN NUTTIN' BY IT, BOSS!

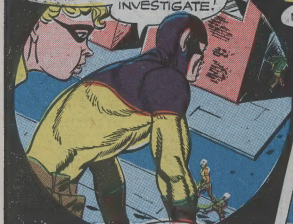


THERE'S SOME TROUBLE DOWN THERE, SANDY. PERHAPS WE'D BETTER INVESTIGATE!

A LONG SWOOP DOWNWARD FROM THE ROOFTOPS...

WE'LL, IF IT ISN'T THE GENTLEMAN WE'RE LOOKING FOR, WITH HIS FRIENDS.

DA SANDMAN'S STILL AFTER ME, JUST LIKE IN ME DREAM!



YES, I PROMISED YOU SOMETHING, APE, AND I ALWAYS KEEP MY PROMISES!

YIII... DAT'S JUST WHAT HE SAID IN DA DREAM! DON'T LET 'IM TOUCH ME!

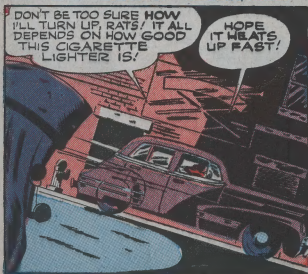
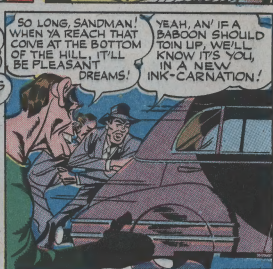
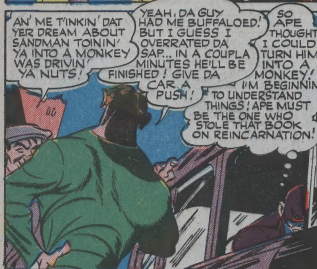
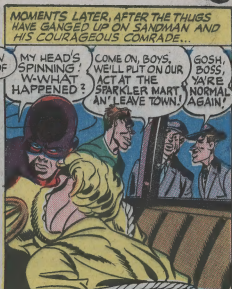
LAY THAT PISTOL DOWN, CHUM!

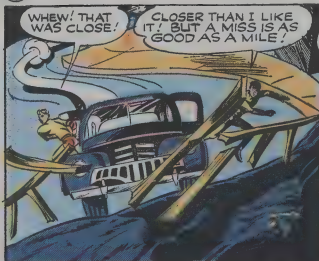
WHY, YA LITTLE BRAT...

YOU TRIED TO MAKE A MONKEY OUT OF ME, BEFORE APE... NOW I'M MAKING A MONKEY OUT OF YOU!

YIII... DON'T LET 'IM! I WANNA STAY HUMAN!

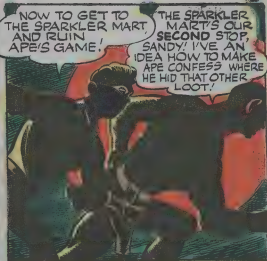






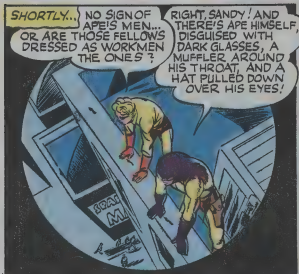
WHEW! THAT WAS CLOSE!

CLOSER THAN I LIKE IT! BUT A MISS IS AS GOOD AS A MILE!



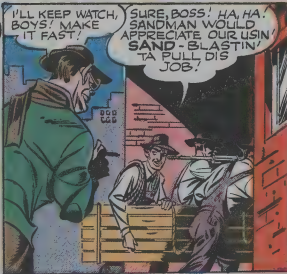
NOW TO GET TO THE SPARKLER MART AND RUIN APE'S GAME!

THE SPARKLER MART'S OUR SECOND STOP. SANDY! I'VE AN IDEA HOW TO MAKE APE CONFESS WHERE HE HID THAT OTHER LOOT!



SHORTLY... NO SIGN OF APE'S MEN... OR ARE THOSE FELLOWS DRESSED AS WORKMEN THE ONES?

RIGHT, SANDY! AND THERE'S APE HIMSELF, DISGUISED WITH DARK GLASSES, A MUFFLER AROUND HIS THROAT, AND A HAT PULLED DOWN OVER HIS EYES!



I'LL KEEP WATCH, BOYS! MAKE IT FAST!

SURE, BOSS! HA, HA! SANDMAN WOULD APPRECIATE OUR USIN' SAND-BLASTIN' TA PULL DIS JOB!



WE'LL GIVE THEM A COUPLE OF MINUTES, SANDY... THEN DO AS WE'VE PLANNED!



AS AN UNWORRIED APE AWAITS THE COMPLETION OF AN APPARENTLY FOOL-PROOF CRIME...

TAKE OFF THOSE GLASSES, APE... THEY'RE NOT GOING TO SUIT YOUR NEW FACE!

SAND-MAN'S GHOST!

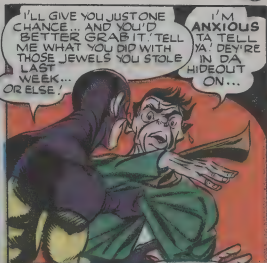


NO, I'M IN THE FLESH, APE, AND READY TO TURN YOU INTO A MONKEY...



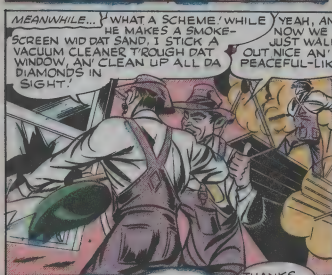
AS I'VE ALREADY
TURNED YOUR
FRIENDS'

EEEEHHH...! DON'T,
SANDMAN! I'LL DO ANY-
THING, ONLY DON'T TOIN
ME INTO ONE OF
DEM!



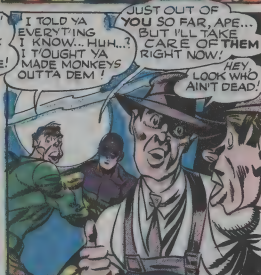
I'LL GIVE YOU JUST ONE
CHANCE... AND YOU'D
BETTER GRAB IT! TELL
ME WHAT YOU DID WITH
THOSE JEWELS YOU STOLE
LAST
WEEK...
OR ELSE!

I'M
ANXIOUS
TA TELL
YA! DEY'RE
IN DA
HIDEOUT
ON...



MEANWHILE... WHAT A SCHEME! WHILE HE MAKES A SMOKE-
SCREEN WID DAT SAND, I STICK A
VACUUM CLEANER TROUGH DAT
WINDOW, AN' CLEAN UP ALL DA
DIAMONDS IN
SIGHT!

YEAH, AN'
NOW WE
JUST WALK
OUT NICE AN'
PEACEFUL-LIKE!



I TOLD YA
EVERYTHING
I KNOW... HUH...?
I T'UGHT YA
MADE MONKEYS
OUTTA DEM!

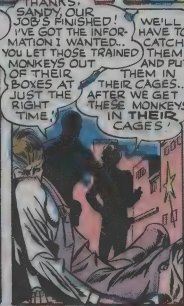
JUST OUT OF
YOU SO FAR, APE...
BUT I'LL TAKE
CARE OF THEM
RIGHT NOW!

HEY,
LOOK WHO
AIN'T DEAD!



STILL ALIVE,
AND SOCKING!

MIND 'IF I
LEND A FOOT,
SANDMAN!



THANKS,
SANDY. OUR
JOB'S FINISHED!
I'VE GOT THE INFOR-
MATION I WANTED...
YOU LET THOSE TRAINED
MONKEYS OUT
OF THEIR
BOXES AT
JUST THE
RIGHT
TIME!

WE'LL
HAVE TO
CATCH
THEM
AND PUT
THEM IN
THEIR CAGES...
AFTER WE GET
THESE MONKEYS
IN THEIR
CAGES!



LATER...
GRRR...
LEMMIE
OUTTA
HERE!

LISTEN TO THAT!
EVER SINCE HE
TANGLED WITH
SANDMAN, HE'S
BEEN LIKE A
CAGED
GORILLA!

LIGHTER MOMENTS with **fresh Eveready Batteries**



"I'm sorry, Sirs!"

"Keep your eye on the Infantry—the doughboy does it!" Does the slugging job of winning the war, man to man against the enemy.

WE KNOW it's mighty disappointing to hear your dealer keep saying—"No 'Eveready' flashlight batteries yet." But our Armed Forces and vital war industries are using these dependable batteries—and they're taking nearly all we can make.

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**FRESH BATTERIES LAST
LONGER . . . Look for
the date line** →



EVEREADY

TRADE-MARK



The SHINING KNIGHT

MR. BAGBY HAS ANCESTORS... AS WHO HASN'T? BUT MR. BAGBY'S FAVORITE ANCESTOR BELONGED TO A VERY PROMINENT CIRCLE... AND THEREBY HANGS A TALE! IT'S A TALE OF ROGUERY AND SNOBBERY, OF CRIME AND DECEIT! BUT THROUGH IT ALL, EVEN AS DEATH THREATENS, THE SHINING KNIGHT SEEKS UNCEASINGLY THE ANSWER TO A BAFFLING PROBLEM... THE IDENTITY OF AN...

"ANCESTOR UNKNOWN!"



THE END OF A CRIME-TRAIL... ONCE MORE THE SHINING KNIGHT HAS BROUGHT A GANG OF LAWBREAKERS TO JUSTICE!

NOW, ROGUE, GIVE OVER THE PURLOINED BAGBY RUBIES! THOU WILT HAVE NO USE FOR THEM IN GAOL!



LATER, ON THE STEPS OF THE BAGBY MANSION, SIR JUSTIN UNDERGOES THE USUAL PUNISHMENT FOR HIS SUCCESSFUL FEAT!

HOLD IT, KNIGHT!

QUICKLY, FRIENDS! BUSINESS AWAITS ME!

JUST A MINUTE, KNIGHT! I'M SIX-STAR SCAMMEL, OF THE ARGUS! I WANT TO KNOW WHAT YOU INTEND TO DO ABOUT THAT REWARD FOR RETURNING THE RUBIES!

I NEED NO MONEY FOR MYSELF! THE REWARD MR. BAGBY HAS OFFERED WILL GO TO CHARITY!

ONE MORE QUESTION...

NOT NOW, FRIEND! AFTER I SEE MR. BAGBY, I WILL SPEAK TO THEE TO THY HEART'S CONTENT!

INSIDE THE LUXURIOUS MANSION...

THOU KNOWEST WHY I HAVE COME, MR. BAGBY!

TO RETURN MY JEWELS! HOW FITTING THAT IS, SIR JUSTIN! DID YOU KNOW THAT I AM DESCENDED FROM A KNIGHT OF KING ARTHUR'S COURT — SIR KENELM BY NAME?

MAY, I KNEW NOT! AND I RECALL NO SIR KENELM!

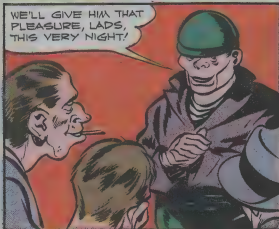
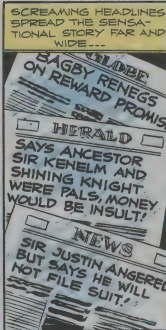
WELL, IT'S NATURAL FOR YOU TO FORGET AFTER ALL THESE CENTURIES! BUT THERE CAN'T BE ANY DOUBT... I'VE HAD MY ANCESTORS TRACED BACK 1500 YEARS!

ABOUT THE REWARD, MR. BAGBY...

AH, YES, THE REWARD! WELL, I COULDN'T INSULT YOU, A PAL OF MY ANCESTOR, BY OFFERING YOU MONEY!

YOU HUNT CRIMINALS FOR THE SAKE OF JUSTICE, KNIGHT, NOT MONEY! I'LL ALWAYS BE GRATEFUL FOR WHAT YOU'VE DONE, OF COURSE —

METHINKS THOU ART A SCOUNDREL, BAGBY, AS GREAT AS THOSE I HAVE PUNISHED! GOOD DAY!



AS SIR JUSTIN SWOOPS
DOWN FROM THE HEAVENS
ON HIS WINGED STEED...



I AM NONE TOO
SOON! WE SHALL
GIVE THESE
VARLETS A
TASTE OF OUR
WEAPONS!

FIRST A
MAILED
FIST,
SPECIAL
DELIVERY!



OWWW... AND
WE THOUGHT YOU'D
BE GLAD TO SEE
US DO THIS!

WELL DONE,
BRAVE VICTORY!



FIRE...

BUT AS THE SHINING KNIGHT BRINGS HIS
GLISTENING LANCE INTO PLAY...



WHA...?

TOO BAD, MATE...
I KEEP THIS LEATHER
WELL-OILED, AND
'TIS TOO SLIPPERY
FOR YE!

MAYHAP, MY SWORD
WILL NOT FAIL!



MAYBE IT WILL, YE
SWAB... ME CAPIS
PADDED TILL IT'S
ALMOST AS GOOD
AS A HELMET!

CLUNK!

AND NOW, ME BULLY
LAD, WE'LL SEE HOW
YE FIGHT ON DRY
LAND!



THOU SHALT
HAVE THY WISH,
THOU BANDY-LEGGED
VILLAIN!

THIS BLOW,
METHINKS,
WILL FOUNDER
THEE!



AVAST, YE LANDLUBBER...
IT TAKES MORE THAN
ONE PUNCH TO HURT
CAPTAIN CHUNK!



CAN I SAY AS MUCH FOR YOU? UGH... THOU ART INDEED A STALWART ROGUE!



AT THIS CRITICAL JUNCTURE IN SIR JUSTIN'S AFFAIRS...

OH, BOY, THE BATTLE OF THE CENTURY, AND I CAN GET IN IT AS WELL AS REPORT IT!



CAPTAIN CHUNK IS A TOUGH NUT TO CRACK... SO I'LL GIVE THE KNIGHT A HAND WITH THIS ROCK!



AAAA...

I KNEW YE'D WEAKEN, SWAB!

HUH...? CHUNK'S SO SHORT THAT ROCK WENT RIGHT OVER HIS HEAD! I'D BETTER RUN!



EASIER SAID THAN DONE... SCANT MOMENTS LATER...

AN I FIND AGAIN THE VARLET WHO HIT ME WITH A ROCK, I WILL BASTE HIM WITHIN AN INCH OF HIS LIFE!

ER... GOOD IDEA, KNIGHT... BUT WE'D BETTER LOOK FOR HIM LATER! I'VE GOT TO SEND IN A STORY ABOUT THIS ROBBERY!



THE FOLLOWING DAY, AGAIN WITHIN THE BAGGY MANSION...

YOU'VE GOT TO GET THOSE RUBIES BACK, KNIGHT! THIS TIME I PROMISE TO PAY YOU A REWARD! FOR THE SAKE OF SIR KENELM...

ONCE AGAIN I TELL THEE I KNOW NOT THY SIR KENELM! AND I PURSUE ROGUES BECAUSE I HATE ROGUERY, NOT FOR A REWARD! BUT NONE THE LESS...



I INTEND TO HOLD THEE TO THY WORD THIS TIME! A REWARD HAST THOU PROMISED, AND A REWARD WILT THOU PAY!



OF COURSE, KNIGHT! I WOULDN'T LIE TO AN OLD FRIEND OF SIR KENELM'S!

AND SO, LATER...

I COME, FRIEND, TO ASK A FAVOR! THIS FOUNTAIN PEN FILLED WITH GREEN INK WAS LEFT BEHIND BY THE CRIMINALS, AND WITH THY AID, I CAN USE IT TO TRAP THEM!

HUH...? MILLIONS OF PEOPLE HAVE FOUNTAIN PENS. THOUSANDS USE GREEN INK!



I KNOW THAT WELL!
IT IS NOT THE CLUE
ITSELF THAT IS IMPORTANT...
IT IS THE PUBLICITY I
DESIRE THY NEWSPAPER
TO GIVE IT!



LATER THAT EVENING...

LISTEN TO THIS,
ME HEARTIES!
THE KNIGHT FOUND
THE PEN THAT
WINDY DROPPED,
AND HE SAYS HE
CAN TRACE US
BY THE FINGER-
PRINTS ON IT!



AW, BOSS,
HOW CAN
HE DO
THAT?

BY FINDING YOUR
FINGERPRINTS ON
OTHER BOTTLES
YOU MAY HAVE
HANDLED AT THE
PLACE WHERE YOU
BOUGHT THE INK!
WELL, THAT STORE'S
IN THIS
NEIGHBORHOOD!



I KNOW IT!
THAT MEANS
WE GOTTA
SCRAM!
AND WE'LL
HAVE A TOUGH
TIME
FINDING
ANOTHER
HIDEOUT
AS GOOD AS
THIS!

NO NEED FOR PANIC, LADS...
I'VE A REMEDY FOR OUR
TROUBLES! TWO CAN PLAY
AT THE SHINING KNIGHT'S
GAME!



AND SO, AS THE NIGHT WEARS ON...

HUH...? YOU SAY
A SMALL STORE
WAS BROKEN INTO,
AND ALL THE
BOTTLES OF
INK STOLEN?



AH, 'TIS WHAT I AWAITED!
I KNEW 'TWO'D BE NEXT
TO IMPOSSIBLE TO TRACE
CAPTAIN CHUNKY'S
NEIGHBORHOOD BY
THE FINGERPRINTS...



SO I HAD THEE PRINT
THE STORY TO LURE
HIM INTO MAKING A
FALSE MOVE! HIS
HIDEOUT IS IN THE
NEIGHBORHOOD OF
THE STORE THAT
WAS ROBBED!

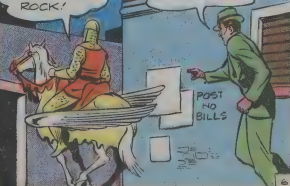


I'M RIGHT
BEHIND YOU,
KNIGHT!

QUICKLY, SIR JUSTIN PICKS UP THE
TRAIL OF THE CRIMINALS!

THE BASE VARLET
KNOWN AS WINDY
WAS SEEN ON THIS
STREET! MAYHAP
'T WAS HE WHO HIT
ME WITH THAT
ROCK!

FORGET ABOUT
THAT ROCK, KNIGHT!
REMEMBER, YOU'RE
AFTER THOSE CROOKS
BECAUSE YOU HATE
INJUSTICE!



POST
NO
BILLS



BUT SIR JUSTIN'S PROGRESS HAS NOT GONE UNNOTICED!

BOSS, I CAUGHT A GANDER OF THE SHININ' KNIGHT COMIN' DOWN THE STREET! HE'S ON TO US!

OF COURSE, LAD! I WANTED TO DRAW THE SWAB DOWN HERE! THAT'S WHY I ROBBED THAT STORE!



AND AS THE CHAMPION OF CHIVALRY PASSES ONWARD...

WE MUST BE GETTING CLOSE, KNIGHT!

YES, THOSE BOTTLES OF GREEN INK ARE LEADING US STRAIGHT TO CAPTAIN CHUNK!



NEVER DID YE SAY A TRUER WORD, YE LUBBER! IS THIS THE INK YE WERE LOOKING FOR?

WHA...?



NEXT MOMENT...

AT HIM, LADS! HE CAN'T EVEN SEE WHAT'S GOING TO HAPPEN TO HIM!

I WOULD HAVE TO GET INTO THIS!



TAKEN BY SURPRISE, THE SHINING KNIGHT IS QUICKLY OVERWHELMED! AND SOME TIME LATER...

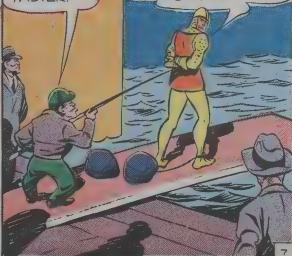
AH, KNIGHT, IT'S YEARS SINCE I'VE SEEN ANY ONE WALK THE PLANK! I OWE YE ME THANKS FOR BRINGING BACK OLD TIMES!

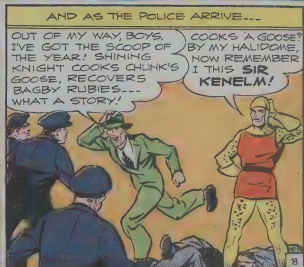
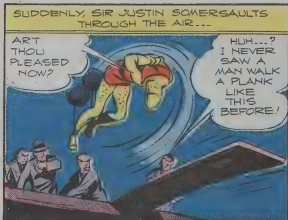
METHOUGHT THOU HADST SOMETHING OF THE PIRATE IN THEE! AND THOU SHALT MEET A PIRATE'S FATE!

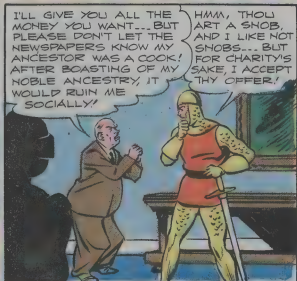


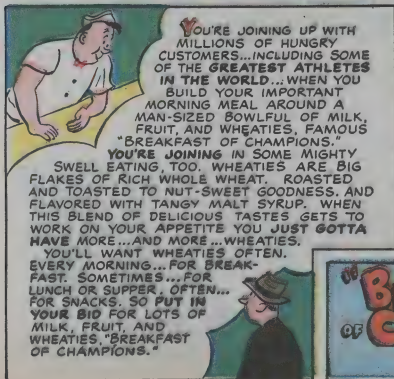
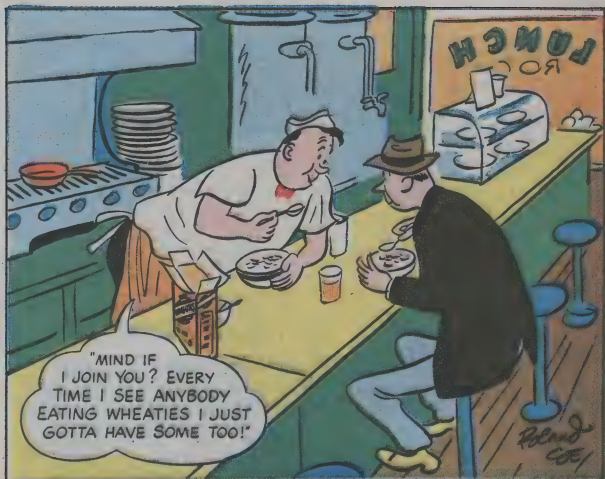
NOT SO MUCH JAWING, LUBBER! MOVE A BIT FASTER!

I WILL MOVE FAST ENOUGH TO SUIT THEE. THOU SEA-GOING CHURL!









"Wheaties" and "Breakfast of Champions" are registered trade marks of General Mills, Inc.

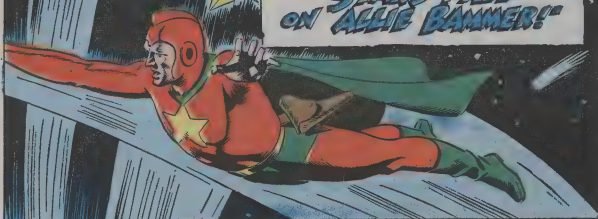




STARMAN

MILLIONS OF METEORITES PLUNGE TO EARTH EACH YEAR, UNSEEN AND UNSUSPECTED... AND ONLY RARELY DOES ONE AMONG THEM FLAME BRIGHTLY ENOUGH TO BE GLIMPSED AS A SHOOTING STAR! SO, WHEN CELESTIAL ARTILLERY APPEARS TO BOMBARD A CERTAIN WEALTHY ESTATE... AND WHEN MUNDANE MARAUDERS ACCOMPANY THE METEORIC BARRAGE... STARMAN MOVES HEAVEN AND EARTH TO END A RAIN OF TERROR AS...

"STARS FALL ON ALLIE BAMMER!"



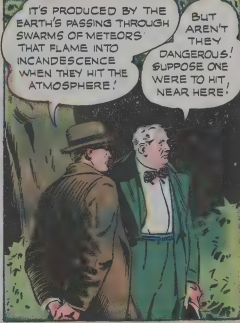
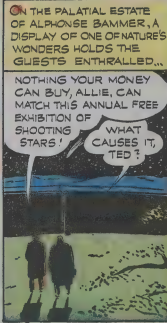
ON THE PALATIAL ESTATE OF ALPHONSE BAMMER, A DISPLAY OF ONE OF NATURE'S WONDERS HOLDS THE GUESTS ENTHRALLED...

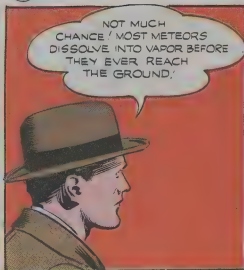
NOTHING YOUR MONEY CAN BUY, ALLIE, CAN MATCH THIS ANNUAL FREE EXHIBITION OF SHOOTING STARS!

WHAT CAUSES IT, TED?

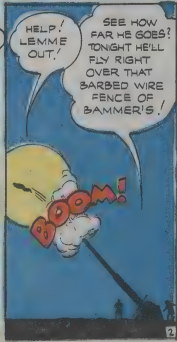
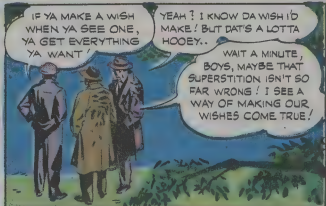
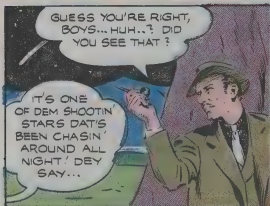
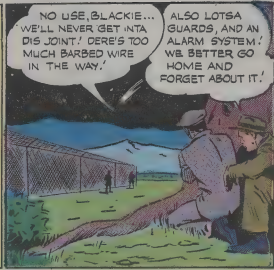
IT'S PRODUCED BY THE EARTH'S PASSING THROUGH SWARMS OF METEORS THAT FLAME INTO INCANDESCENCE WHEN THEY HIT THE ATMOSPHERE!

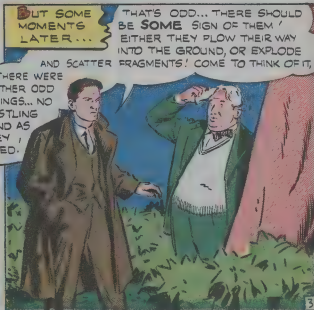
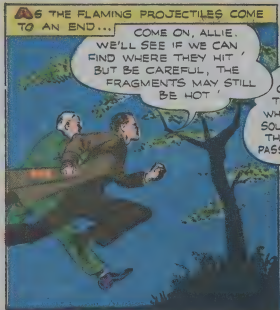
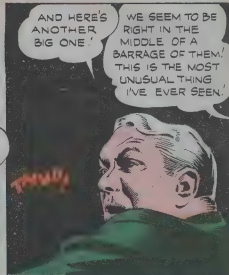
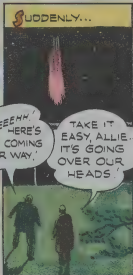
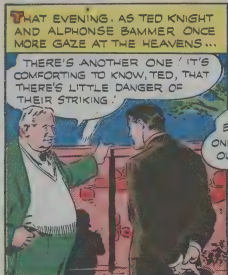
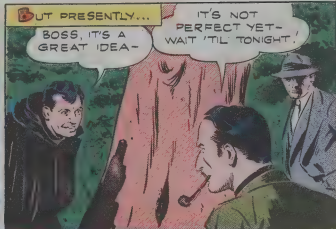
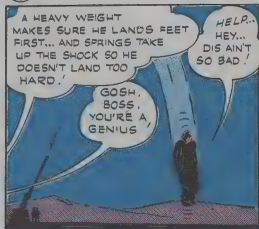
BUT AREN'T THEY DANGEROUS! SUPPOSE ONE WERE TO HIT NEAR HERE!





MEANWHILE THE DAZZLING DISPLAY OF CELESTIAL FIREWORKS IS VIEWED BY OTHERS CLOSE BY...





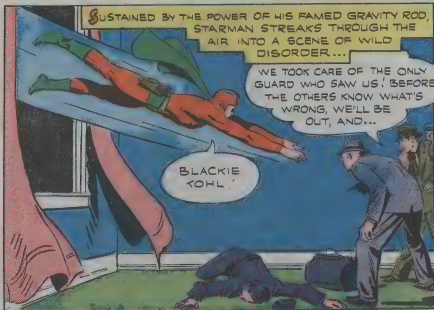


THERE'S SOMETHING
WRONG AT THE HOUSE!
WE'D BETTER FIND OUT
WHAT'S HAPPENING!

AS HIS
COMPANION
HASTENS
AWAY, TED
KNIGHT
MAKES A
SWIFT
TRANS-
FORMATION
TO
STARMAN,
THE
ASTRAL
AVENGER!



THIS IS
THE COSTUME
TO WEAR WHEN
THERE'S
TROUBLE!

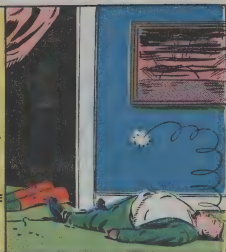


BUT AS THE ASTRAL AVENGER SETS OUT IN PURSUIT, HE CRASHES INTO NIGH 300 POUNDS OF BONE, MUSCLE, AND JUST PLAIN AVOIRDUPOIS!

THE NOISE WAS COMING FROM HERE..OWWWW!



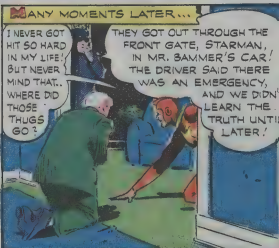
AND THE RESULTING TABLEAU PROVIDES THE ANSWER TO THAT ANCIENT QUESTION.. WHAT HAPPENS WHEN AN IRRESISTIBLE FORCE HITS AN IMMOVABLE OBJECT!



MANY MOMENTS LATER...

I NEVER GOT HIT SO HARD IN MY LIFE! BUT NEVER MIND THAT.. WHERE DID THOSE THINGS GO?

THEY GOT OUT THROUGH THE FRONT GATE, STARMAN, IN MR. BAMMER'S CAR! THE DRIVER SAID THERE WAS AN EMERGENCY, AND WE DIDN'T LEARN THE TRUTH UNTIL LATER!



FORTUNATELY, THEY DIDN'T HAVE TIME TO GET MUCH LOOT! BUT THE QUESTION STILL REMAINS... HOW DID THEY GET INTO THE ESTATE?

GOSH, STARMAN, MAYBE THEY FLEW IN, JUST LIKE YOU DID... EXCEPT THAT THAT'S IMPOSSIBLE!



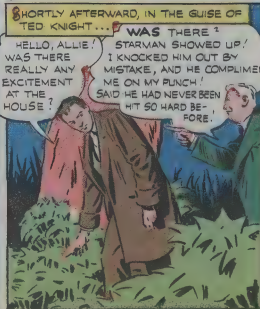
HMM... THAT QUEER SWARM OF SHOOTING STARS...



SHORTLY AFTERWARD, IN THE GUISE OF TED KNIGHT...

HELLO, ALLIE! WAS THERE REALLY ANY EXCITEMENT AT THE HOUSE?

WAS THERE? STARMAN SHOWED UP! I KNOCKED HIM OUT BY MISTAKE, AND HE COMPLIMENTED ME ON MY PUNCH! SAID HE HAD NEVER BEEN HIT SO HARD BEFORE.



HMM... I'LL HAVE TO CONTINUE MY SEARCH BY DAYLIGHT!



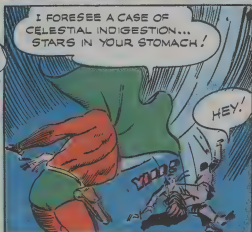
THE FOLLOWING DAY...

SO THIS IS WHAT WE SAW ... PHOSPHORESCENT PAINT AGAINST A BLACK BACKGROUND! AND ONE OF THE CROOKS WAS IN TOO MUCH OF A HURRY TO TAKE HIS UNIFORM WITH HIM!

BLACKIE DIDN'T GET WHAT HE EXPECTED HERE... SO HE'LL PROBABLY TRY TO USE THE SAME METHOD TO ROB SOME OTHER WEALTHY ESTATE! I'D BETTER BE ON GUARD!

AND SO, IN THE EVENING AS THE HEAVENLY SPECTACLE BEGINS...

AH, THE BIG ONE MUST BE BLACKIE OR ONE OF HIS GANG! THIS TIME, I'M NOT EVEN GOING TO GIVE THEM A CHANCE TO GET STARTED!





YOU CAN SEE NOW, CHUMP... EVEN IF IT'S ONLY THE STARS IN FRONT OF YOUR EYES THAT YOU MEANT FOR ME!



WATER SEEPING IN THROUGH THE CRACKS AWAKENS THE ASTRAL AVENGER TO THE DESPERATE NATURE OF HIS SITUATION!

THESE HEAVY STONES ARE KEEPING ME AT THE BOTTOM OF A RIVER! AND THE WATER IS RAPIDLY DISPLACING THE AIR... I'VE GOT TO ACT FAST!



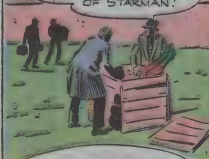
AS STARMAN MAKES USE OF THE GRAVITY ROD'S STAR-GIVEN POWER, THE CRATE RISES FROM ITS WATERY RESTING PLACE!

TOO BAD I CAN'T SEE WHERE I'M GOING... I'LL HAVE TO MOVE SLOWLY...



LATER, AFTER THE CRIMINALS HAVE ACCOMPLISHED THEIR PURPOSE...

OKAY, BOYS... GRAB THE CAR AND GET READY TO LEAVE! HARRY AND I WILL TAKE CARE OF STARMAN!



LUCKY I HAD THIS EXTRA GRAVITY ROD HIDDEN IN MY CLOTHING! IT'LL HELP ME GET OUT OF THE RIVER, EVEN IF I CAN'T UNTIE MY HANDS!



PRESENTLY, A HEAVILY LADEN CRATE PLUNGES INTO A STREAM THAT MEANDERS THROUGH THE ESTATES OF THE WEALTHY...

SO LONG, STARMAN... HAVE A NICE SWIM!

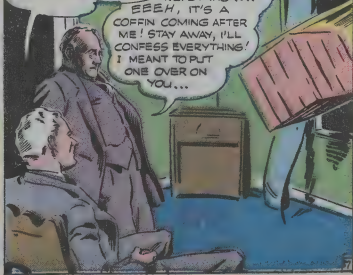


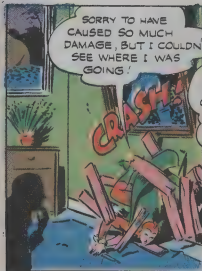
AND SO, PRESENTLY, TWO NEIGHBORING FINANCIAL MAGNATES SEE A STRANGE SIGHT!

YOU'RE SURE THIS DEAL IS HONEST?

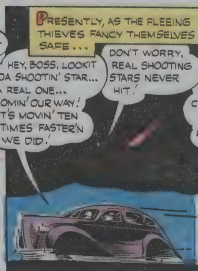
I'LL STAKE MY REPUTATION...

EEEH, IT'S A COFFIN COMING AFTER ME! STAY AWAY, I'LL CONFESS EVERYTHING! I MEANT TO PUT ONE OVER ON YOU...





SORRY TO HAVE CAUSED SO MUCH DAMAGE, BUT I COULDN'T SEE WHERE I WAS GOING!

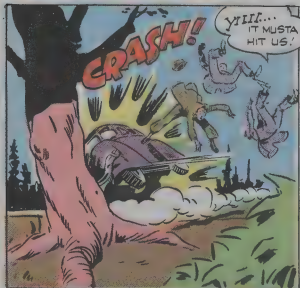


PRESENTLY, AS THE FLEEING THIEVES FANCY THEMSELVES SAFE...

DON'T WORRY, REAL SHOOTING STARS NEVER HIT!



DON'T DEY? DIS ONE IS COMIN' RIGHT FOR US! EEEHHH, I'M GETTIN OUT!

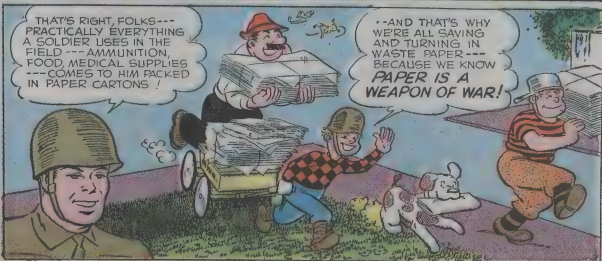


YILL... IT MUSTA HIT US!



SECONDS LATER

NOTHING FOR ME TO DO BUT COLLECT THEM AND HAND THEM OVER TO THE POLICE. WHERE THEY'RE GOING, THEY WON'T EVEN SEE STARS, MUCH LESS BE THEM!



THAT'S RIGHT, FOLKS--- PRACTICALLY EVERYTHING A SOLDIER USES IN THE FIELD --- AMMUNITION, FOOD, MEDICAL SUPPLIES --- COMES TO HIM PACKED IN PAPER CARTONS!

--AND THAT'S WHY WE'RE ALL SAVING AND TURNING IN WASTE PAPER--- BECAUSE WE KNOW PAPER IS A WEAPON OF WAR!



HECTIC HISTORY

THERE'S TWO SIDES TO EVERY STORY AND HECTIC HISTORY ALWAYS TELLS BOTH OF 'EM -- BACKWARD!

BY THE



CONTRARY TO A VERY POPULAR UNBELIEF SPECIMENS OF THE BLIZZARD OF 1888 ARE NOT STILL ON EXHIBIT AT THIS VERY MOMENT IN THE SMITHSONIAN INSTITUTE AT WASHINGTON D.C. ---

THE FALSE IDEA THAT "THE HEADLESS HORSEMAN" LOST HIS HEAD BECAUSE OF A SHATTERED ROMANCE IS STRICTLY THE BUNK, -- HE MERELY FAILED TO NOTICE A "LOW-BRIDGE" SIGN ---

TSK, TSK, ELMER -- WHAT WON'T THEY BE SAYING NEXT?

WHO CARES?

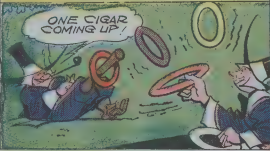


PRE-WAR ICEBERG HABITAT BROOKLYN N.Y.

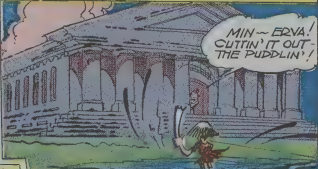


DON'T EVER LET ANYONE TELL YOU EITHER THAT THE EARLY GREEKS BUILT THE WORLD FAMOUS PARTHENON EXPRESSLY FOR MINERVA'S USE AS A PRIVATE SWIMMING POOL -- MINERVA UNTIL THE AGE OF 6 WAS STRICTLY A PUDDLE FAN ---

AND THERE'S NO TRUTH IN THE UNFOUNDED RUMOR THAT PETER STUYVESANT MADE EXTRA PIN MONEY ON HIS DAYS OFF CATCHING RINGS ON HIS WOODEN LEG AT COUNTY FAIRS



ONE CIGAR COMING UP!



MIN -- ERVA! CUTTIN' IT OUT -- THE PUDDLIN'!

AND WHEN THEY TELL YOU THAT THE EARLY AMERICAN INDIANS THREW SACKS OF COFFEE INTO "OLD FAITHFUL," THE GEYSER, AND THEN CAUGHT IT IN CUPS ON THE REBOUND -- DON'T YOU BELIEVE IT -- IT'S THE BUNK! ---



TUSS ANOTHER GALLON OF MILK IN CHIEF PUSH-IN-FACE, IT'S TOO BLACK!!

OKEE!
DOKE!

AND THAT FAMOUS 20 YEAR SNORE OF RIP VAN WINKLE'S WAS NOT A PUBLICITY STUNT TO ADVERTISE A NATIONALLY KNOWN SPRING MATTRESS -- HE DIDN'T EVEN GET OVER-TIME PAY FOR DOING IT! ---



PHEW! -- I JUST DREAMT A DREAM 40 VOLUMES LONG!

ADVENTURES OF "R.C." AND QUICKIE

OUTSMARTING A SABOTEUR!

TICK

IT'S 3 A.M. - "R.C." AND HIS PAL QUICKIE ARE BOUND FOR THE NATION'S CAPITAL ON THE CRACK SENATORIAL LIMITED!

WAKE UP, QUICKIE! THAT GUYS CARRYING A BAG THAT'S TICKING!! C'MON!

HOLD IT, WISE GUYS, AND GRAB SKY! I'M PLANTING THIS BOMB RIGHT HERE IN JUST 10 MINUTES THIS TRAIN'LL BE BLOWN TO BITS...AND YOU'RE GOING WITH IT!

DON'T MOVE, "R.C."! HE'S GOT A GUN!

GET IN THAT WASHROOM AND COOL OFF! I'M GONNA JUMP THIS RATTLER AT THE NEXT SLOW CURVE!

I WOULDN'T MIND IF I COULD COOL OFF WITH A FROSTY BOTTLE OF ROYAL CROWN COLA!

RAILROAD DIRECTORY

THE SABOTEUR DOESN'T NOTICE "R.C." REACH FOR A HEAVY TRAIN DIRECTORY IN THE RACK

RIGHT ON THE BUTTON, YOU GRAB THE BAG, QUICKIE, AND TOSS IT OUT THE WINDOW! I'LL TAKE CARE OF THIS RAT

POW

WHEW! THAT WAS CLOSE! I'M SHAKING LIKE A JEEP!

TAKE IT EASY, QUICKIE - I KNOW WHAT WE NEED

BOOM!

M-M-M! I DON'T KNOW WHERE TO START!

YOU BOYS DESERVE THE BEST!

WE'VE GOT IT - ROYAL CROWN COLA... THE BEST-TASTING COLA OF 'EM ALL

YOUTHFUL
BONITA GRANVILLE SAYS:

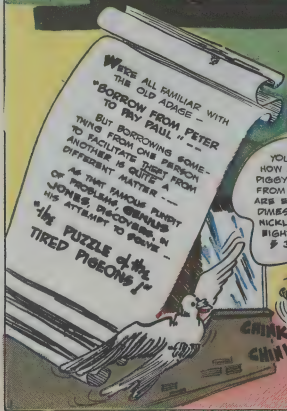
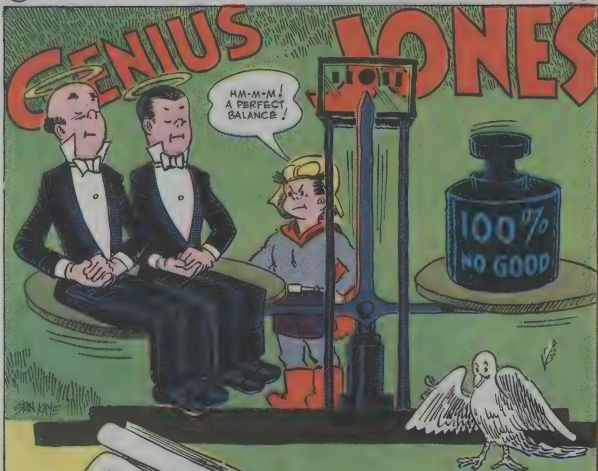
CHECK! IT SURE TASTES BEST!

Lovely Bonita Granville found her favorite "quack up" when she took the famous cola taste-test. After trying leading colas in paper cups, she picked the best-tasting one. It was Royal Crown Cola! Try it. 2 full glasses in each 5¢ bottle.

ROYAL CROWN COLA
Best by Taste-Test!

See Bonita Granville in "GOD OF THE OPEN ROAD" a Columbia Pictures release

Copyright 1964, Noho Corporation

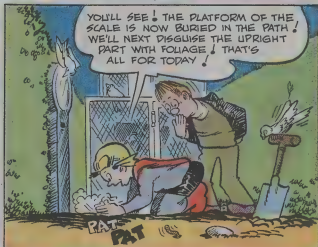
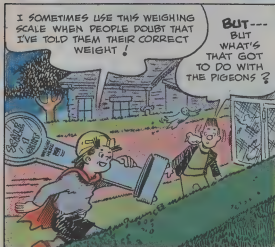
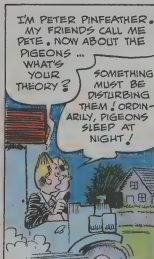
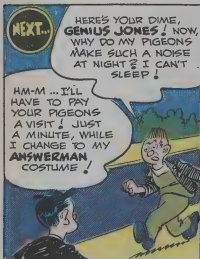


THE TASK OF IRONING OUT THE WRINKLES OF
A PERPLEXED POPULACE GOES SMOOTHLY
FORWARD AT THE MOTORIZED BOOTH OF
GENIUS JONES ...

YOU WANT TO KNOW
HOW MUCH IS IN YOUR
PIGGY BANK, MADAM?
FROM THE RATTLE, THERE
ARE EXACTLY FIFTEEN
DIMES, TWENTY-THREE
NICKELS, AND FIFTY-
EIGHT PENNIES --
\$ 3.23!

OH, THANK YOU
GENIUS JONES!

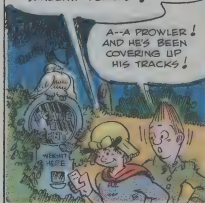






THIS SCALE IS TREMENDOUSLY ACCURATE --- AHA! THE "DREAM" WHICH YOU THOUGHT MIGHT BE FRIGHTENING YOUR PIGEONS WEIGHS EXACTLY ONE-HUNDRED AND SIXTY-TWO AND ONE-SIXTEENTH POUNDS!

A--A PROWLER!
AND HE'S BEEN COVERING UP HIS TRACKS!



HMM... TWO DAYS AGO THREE ROWDY'S TRIED TO CONFUSE ME ON WEIGHTS --- AND ONE OF THEM WEIGHED EXACTLY WHAT'S ON THIS CARD!

BUT HOW CAN YOU TELL WHERE HE IS?



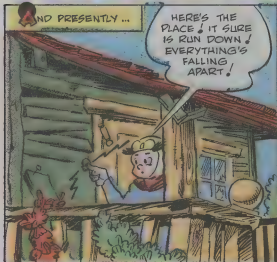
THEY WENT INTO A HOUSE OPPOSITE WHERE MY BOOTH WAS PARKED!
SEE YOU LATER!

I STILL DON'T SEE WHY THEY'D WANT TO DISTURB MY PIGEONS!



AND PRESENTLY ...

HERE'S THE PLACE! IT SURE IS RUN DOWN! EVERYTHING'S FALLING APART!



WITHOUT WARNING ...!

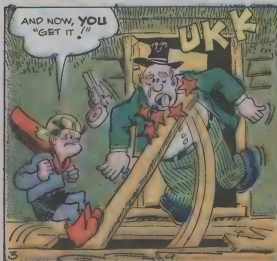
ON YER WAY, ANSWERMAN! WE DON'T LIKE VISITORS. GET IT?

YES, I "GET IT"!



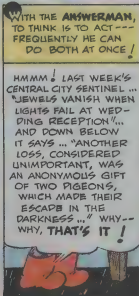
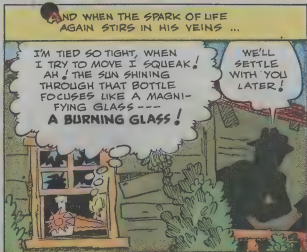
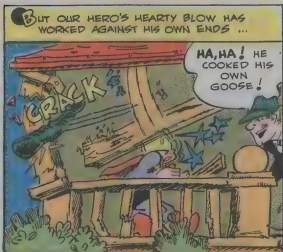
AND NOW, YOU "GET IT"!

DUK!



AH! REIN-FORCEMENTS!







PAUSING BRIEFLY TO MAKE A PURCHASE EN ROUTE ...

IF MY DEDUCTIONS ARE RIGHT, THERE'LL BE ANOTHER ANONYMOUS PIGEON GIFT AT THE HILLSBURG RECEPTION --- **PLUS THE LITTLE PETS I TAKE ALONG !**

PET SHOP

THE GREAT ONE-MAN CRIME NET SPEEDS ON ITS WAY.

I HOPE MY LITTLE PETS DO THE JOB ALL RIGHT !

ARRIVED AT THE HOME OF THE BRIDE'S PARENTS ...

GENIUS JONES ! COME IN AND VIEW THE PRESENTS ! SUCH A PROFUSSION OF GIFTS --- EVEN TWO PIGEONS !

THAT'S JUST WHAT I EXPECTED -- PIGEONS ! MR. BUMBLE, YOU MUST COOPERATE WITH ME ! I SUSPECT FOUL PLAY AT THE RECEPTION TONIGHT !

I SHALL HIDE WITH MY---ER--- PARAPHERNALIA BEHIND THAT CURTAIN TONIGHT ! NO ONE MUST KNOW I AM HERE ! THE JEWELRY WILL BE THE THIEVES OBJECTIVE !

HOW FORTUNATE TO HAVE YOU HERE, G.J. !

AND THAT NIGHT, WITH THE RECEPTION AT ITS PEAK ...

WHAT A STUNNING LOCKET AND RING !

INDEED, MY DEAR, INDEED YES !

WHEN SUDDENLY ALL IS BLACKNESS ... AND A DARK SHAPE DARTS TO THE GIFT TABLE !

CLICK

THE LIGHTS !

LIGHTS !

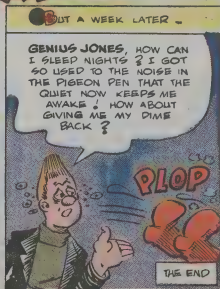
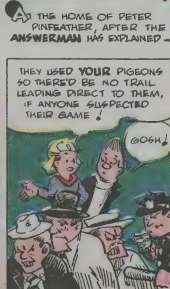
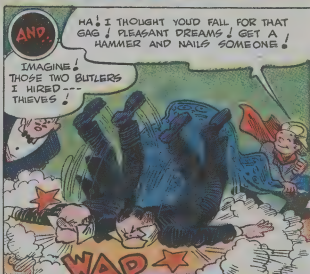
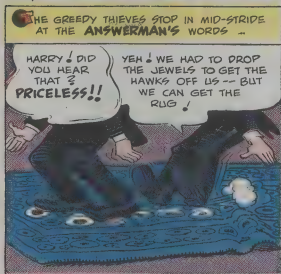
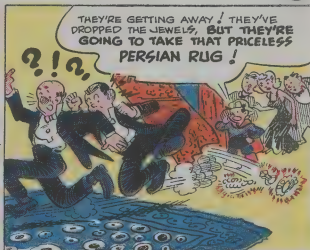
AND AS THE FORM VANISHES, TWO OTHERS TAKE ITS PLACE, AND ...

OW

MY NOSE !

OW

MR EAR !



MEDAL FOR A HERO

by Clem Warren

THE boy looked at the medal pinned onto his blouse and sighed. He knew what it meant to get that medal, and the whole world, he thought proudly, knew it, too. Across his mind, there flashed a picture of how it had been won. It was a medal won in blood. What a story it could tell. But that wouldn't be necessary—he could tell the story.

His name was Jimmy Jackson. "PFC Jackson, United States Marine Corps," he whispered fondly to himself.

It was nice out here, resting with the cumulus clouds in the sky, sort of caressing the hot sun. In the jungles, where the medal had been won, the sun was merciless.

The picture came to Jimmy's mind. Marines, their faces grim and dirty, struggling through the jungle, fighting foot by foot, driving the Japs back, surely, inexorably.

They were a tricky foe, those Japs. They'd resort to every kind of trick to kill even one Marine.

Jimmy's fist clenched, and hot hate filled his heart as he thought of it. Burning rage took possession of him, rage just like the fever a Marine sometimes got in the jungle. The jungle! It was filled with traps, and a guy had to be very careful about how he moved. Every shadow might be a Jap, every whisper in a tall palm tree the movement of a Jap sniper, his sights trained on the unwary.

But Marines weren't unwary. They were alert and tough. They knew jungle fighting because they had been taught it long before they set foot on the first South Pacific soil.

Jimmy sighed again. And now he was back there, in that steaming world, ready to fight until the last Jap had been

wiped out. That was the place where a man's mettle showed—the jungle.

He thought of long nights on sentry duty, the carefully planned watchwords. Then his blood chilled. "That last trick the Japs tried," he whispered. "Well, they got it all right."

They sent a man over under a flag of truce. But the sergeant had been very smart. Those guys who fought at Guadal knew all the answers. He shot him.

The fellows had been stunned. "But he was carrying a flag of truce," they all said. "And you shot him in cold blood."

The sarge just grinned and said. "Wait until tonight, then you guys go out and bring the body in."

Everybody thought the Sarge had gone heat daffy. But they changed their tune when darkness fell, and two of the boys went out and got the body. He was one of those suicide men, that Jap. And he had grenades strapped around him. It was too bad he hadn't gotten within throwing range. "Too bad for him," Jimmy mused, "but swell for our side." He shuddered, thinking what might have happened had that Jap ever gotten loose.

Then they had another neat trick of impersonating in perfect English, an American officer. That didn't go off well with the platoon, either. The password that night was "Coke." And the Japs, instead of saying "Coke" or "Coca Cola" said "Cocaine." There was another dead Jap around, to be brought in at dawn.

Oh, it had been tough gaining ground; but the Marines gained it all right. Then there came the time when they were temporarily stopped. Somehow, the Japs

had found just the right range, and they sure were giving the boys the very dickens with their field-pieces.

Jimmy's throat constricted now as he thought of it. There had been a call for volunteers. But before the call was made, the Sarge explained the situation.

"It's a bad one, boys, and there's no telling how a guy is going to get out there and back. But if somebody doesn't get there with a handful of grenades and silence those Jap field-pieces, it's going to be tough for our side."

Naturally, everybody wanted to go. But it was PFC Jackson who won the honor. Jimmy grinned. It had been smart thinking to tell the Sarge about how good a guy was at baseball. That was all the Sarge needed.

So Jackson set out that night. In his knapsack was a load of grenades. There was a gun strapped to his side, and in his hand he carried a Bowie knife.

Silently, he crawled through the night-stilled jungle. Tonight, there was no moon, and even the jungle noises were not heard. It was almost as though everything was afraid... afraid to move... afraid to stir...

But not Jackson. No, he inched along, and when he dared, he ran, keeping always to the safety of the trees. It was good, knowing that the jungle was your friend. A guy learned woodcraft in the Boy Scouts, and if he was smart, he never forgot it. Jackson hadn't forgotten it, and what the Marines taught him was tucked back in his mind, too. Ready for use.

And he needed it when he saw the small shadow which was the Jap outpost guard. Quietly, just as he had been

taught to do so, Jackson circled. In another instant, he was behind the unwary sentry.

Jackson's arm stole around the enemy's throat. The pressure stifled any outcry. And with almost the same motion, the Bowie knife slashed beneath Jackson's arm into the Jap's throat. The sentry sunk to the ground.

For only an instant, Jackson stood there panting. He took a deep breath, shook his head, and melted again into the shadows.

He didn't dare look at his compass, so unwilling was he to make the slightest extra motion. He had to go by instinct, and something told him he was moving in the right direction.

Suddenly, he stiffened as the murmur of voices reached his ears. "Two of them," he whispered to himself. He looked around. There was no shelter, except the darkness. He flattened himself against a tree, held his breath as an electric torch winked. He'd really have to fight now, if they saw him.

Jackson bit his lip until the blood came. Body tensed, pistol ready, he huddled against the tree. For just an instant the light flicked on, came dangerously close to him.

Then the sentries went by. Jackson's normal breathing resumed. "I must be getting closer now," he thought. "That was probably the regular patrol."

He inched his way carefully, unmindful of the thorns that raked his face and body. You didn't think of those things on a mission like this. All you thought of was getting the job done.

Yes, that was uppermost in his mind now. Not the pain of cramped muscles, the stings of insects, or the burning sweat that poured like leaden weights. And then, he saw the light that marked the Japanese battery. It was only a faint flicker as somebody lit a cigarette. The light went out instantly, but it was enough for Jackson. He was there—almost!

He paused, conscious that somewhere above him he had heard an alien noise. He lay flat on the ground, the wet, fever-filled earth pressing into his nostrils. Despite the pain in his eyes, he blinked in amazement. A light seemed to be crawling down the tree! A pinpoint of light!

Then Jackson grinned. "Of course," he murmured. "A sniper. Probably coming down to eat."

Then he smiled again. The next instant he was wriggling along in the direction of the tree. No one saw him, no one heard him. He was at the trunk. His hand went around it. He hauled himself up, coiled his legs around the tree. Like some giant black bug, he crawled up the trunk.

"They'll never figure this one out," he said, "Not in a million years."

It was slow, tortuous work, climbing that tree. Each inch gained sent millions of needles of pain into his arms and legs, but he went on . . . up . . . up.

And at last he was there, occupying the perch of the Japanese sniper. He was still there as dawn broke. It had been a great strain, waiting for that sniper to return. But the sniper hadn't. He had been going to bed, not to chow.

Jackson gasped as the first

streaks of light showed the battery. Six guns. And near them the Japs slept. Even the lone sentry was drowsing over his rifle.

Jackson grinned and wound up. The first grenade left his hand, then another, and another. The sixth wiped the battery out completely, taking the sentries who had run up with it. Jackson threw another for good luck.

Then he came down from the tree. It was almost like a miracle the way the pain seemed to have left his body as he sped through the jungle to safety, back to his own lines and a medal. . . .

Jimmy Jackson looked at the medal now. His heart swelled with pride. A hero . . . well . . .

"Jimmee!" His mother's voice sounded over the fields. "Jimmie Jackson, you come in here and eat your oatmeal. And just because it's Saturday, don't think you're not going to work in the fields. . . ."

Young Jimmy Jackson ran toward the house. Not work in the fields? He certainly was going to work! That food went to the troops, including the Marines. As he approached the house, he could hear his mother's voice. . . .

"I declare, Edward, you'd think our ten-year-old Jimmy had won that medal, instead of his brother Charles!"

You tell it to
SOMEONE
who repeats it to
SOMEONE
who's overheard by
SOMEONE
in Axis pay, so
SOMEONE
you know . . . may die!

Office of
War Information
Washington, D. C.



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a bowlful of milk, fruit, and Wheaties, that well-known
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**MIKE
GIBBS**

GUERRILLA

BOO!



WHEN IT COMES TO DRIVING OUT AN ENEMY WHO OUTNUMBERS YOU TEN-TO-ONE, WHOSE WEAPONS ARE WORTH A HUNDRED OF YOURS, AND WHOSE POSITION IS APPARENTLY IMPREGNABLE --- EVEN A HERO MIGHT HESITATE! BUT WHERE THERE'S A WILL, THERE'S SUPPOSED TO BE A WAY --- AND THERE'S NO DOUBT ABOUT THE WILL OF **GUERRILLA** AND HIS CHINESE COMRADES, AS THEY DEMONSTRATE THE WAY OF IT IN ---

THE BATTLE OF TI LIANG!

IN A HIDDEN RETREAT AMONG THE MOUNTAIN FASTNESSES OF CHINA, MIKE GIBBS, GUERRILLA, MEETS AN EQUALLY FAMOUS WARRIOR-- LO CHANG OF THE TENTH GUERRILLA ARMY!

WELCOME, GUERRILLA!

WE HAVE HEARD MUCH OF YOUR EXPLOITS!

I'VE HEARD A LOT ABOUT YOURS --- BUT NOT ENOUGH TO SUIT ME! THAT'S WHY I'M HERE --- I WANT OUR PEOPLE IN AMERICA TO HAVE A BETTER IDEA OF WHAT YOU'RE DOING!

PERHAPS, THEN, YOU WOULD LIKE TO WATCH US TAKE OUR NEXT OBJECTIVE! THE JAPANESE HOLD THE CITY OF TI LIANG---



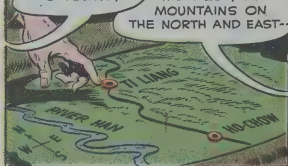


FIFTY MILES FROM HO-CHOW, IT ENABLES THE CURSED INVADERS TO CONTROL THE ROAD AND COUNTRYSIDE BETWEEN THE TWO TOWNS!

HMM, IT'S IN A PRETTY STRONG POSITION! PROTECTED BY A RIVER ON THE WEST, BY MOUNTAINS ON THE NORTH AND EAST--

AND GARRISONED BY **FIVE THOUSAND** WELL EQUIPPED SOLDIERS! WE HAVE ONLY FIVE HUNDRED MEN, GUERRILLA, AND THEY CARRY NOTHING BETTER THAN OLD RIFLES---- **BUT WE ARE GOING TO TAKE THAT TOWN!**

BUT HOW, CHANG? I'VE TAKEN PART IN SOME DARING-EXPLOITS MYSELF--- BUT THIS SOUNDS IMPOSSIBLE!



YOU WISH TO LEARN WHAT WE CAN DO --- I SHALL SHOW YOU!

MEN, WE ARE ABOUT TO EXECUTE A DANGEROUS MANEUVER, THAT REQUIRES GREAT SKILL! I WANT EACH OF YOU TO UNDERSTAND WHAT WE MUST DO!

HMM, NO BLIND DISCIPLINE HERE! EACH MAN HAS TO UNDERSTAND THE REASON FOR THE ORDERS HE CARRIES OUT!



THAT NIGHT--



AT DAWN THE FOLLOWING DAY, JAPANESE SENTRIES AWAKEN TO UNEXPECTED DANGER --

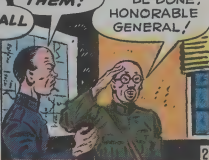
AND AT JAPANESE HEADQUARTERS IN TI LIANG --

BIG ENEMY FORCE ATTACKING ACROSS RIVER, HONORABLE GENERAL!

COLONEL TSUJO, TAKE TWO THOUSAND MEN --- THE GUERRILLAS HAVE THEIR BACK TO THE RIVER AND CANNOT ESCAPE! IT IS YOUR TASK TO **DESTROY THEM!**

IT WILL BE DONE, HONORABLE GENERAL!

RIVER? GOOD! WE SHALL WIPE THEM OUT!





EVENTS PROCEED ACCORDING TO PLAN-- BUT WHOSE PLAN? LOOK CLOSELY--

THEY'VE
FALLEN FOR IT, OR THEY'D
NEVER HAVE SENT ALL
THESE TROOPS! THEY
THINK IT'S A **REAL
ATTACK**, NOT A FEINT!



YES, THIS BENT FIGURE OF AN AGED PEASANT IS **GUERRILLA** HIMSELF, IN ONE OF HIS MANY DISGUISES!

NOW TO CARRY OUT **MY** JOB! LO CHANG HAS NO MEN TO SPARE...AND AS I TOLD HIM, I'M NOT HERE TO OBSERVE, BUT TO **DO** SOMETHING!



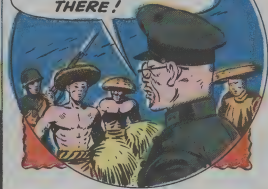
AND NOW, AS THE SOLDIERS SPREAD OUT IN BATTLE FORMATION--

LOOK AT THOSE STUPID ONES! IN THE MIDST OF BATTLE, THEY THINK OF NOTHING BUT GATHERING THEIR **HARVEST**!

SHALL I
SHOOT
THEM,
HONORABLE
COLONEL?



NO, WE NEED MORE LABORERS FOR OUR FORTIFICATIONS INSIDE TI LIANG! **ROUND THEM UP AND SEND THEM THERE!**



THE UNRESISTING PRISONERS ARE ROUGHLY SHOVED ALONG! BUT AMONG THEM, THERE IS ONE WHO IS FAR FROM BEING AS HELPLESS AS HE LOOKS!

LUCKY THE DIRT HIDES MY FEATURES! I'LL WAIT FOR THE RIGHT MOMENT, THROTTLE THAT SENTRY, AND ESCAPE!



WHAT? AN AMERICAN TOILING ON THE CHINESE GOOD EARTH AS IF HE WERE BORN AND BRED A PEASANT? LET US TURN BACK SEVERAL MONTHS, TO A JAPANESE PRISON CAMP ON THE CHINA COAST--

THE RATS NEEDED LABORERS, OR THEY'D HAVE SHOT ME INSTEAD OF TAKING ME PRISONER! **BUT THEY'RE NOT GOING TO HOLD ME LONG!**





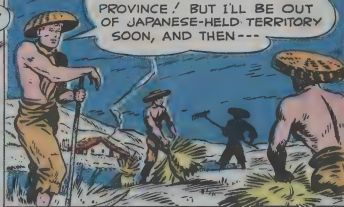
COME ON, BOYS...
TIME TO SAY
GOODBYE!

QUICKLY,
...IT IS
OUR CHANCE!



SOME TIME LATER —

THOSE CHINESE PALS
OF MINE WERE SWELL --
TOO BAD THEY HAD TO LEAVE
ME TO REACH THEIR OWN
PROVINCE! BUT I'LL BE OUT
OF JAPANESE-HELD TERRITORY
SOON, AND THEN ---



BUT AS WE HAVE SEEN,
THE AMERICAN IS MADE
A PRISONER ONCE MORE --

THE GUERRILLAS MAY
ATTACK TILIANG ITSELF!
THE TOWN MUST BE
MADE ABSOLUTELY
IMPREGNABLE!

HUH--? IF THE
GUERRILLAS
ATTACK, I
MAY BE MORE
USEFUL *INSIDE*
THAN OUT OF
IT! SO I'LL
POSTPONE MY ESCAPE
FOR A WHILE!



PRESENTLY--

THEY'RE SO
SURE WE'RE
HARMLESS, THAT THEY'RE
NO LONGER WATCHING US!
HERE'S MY CHANCE!
HEADQUARTERS IS NEAR
HERE, AND IF I CAN GET
IN UNOBSERVED ---

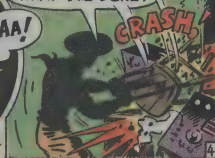


CALLING-
HONORABLE
OPERATOR
531---

CALL ALL
YOU WANT,
RAT---THE
ANSWER WILL
SURPRISE
YOU!

HOW DO YOU
LIKE THAT?

THAT'S THAT! NOW, WHEN
THEY TRY TO SEND FOR
REINFORCEMENTS, THEY'LL BE
OUT OF LUCK! MEANWHILE,
I'LL GET BACK TO MY WORK
---AND THE JAPS WILL
NEVER REALIZE
WHAT I'VE DONE!



AS LUCK WOULD HAVE IT, AT THAT MOMENT —

IT'S MY JOB TO PUT THAT RADIO OUT OF COMMISSION, AND CUT THEIR COMMUNICATIONS WITH HO-CHOW. I'LL JUST RECONNOITER QUIETLY---

SUDDENLY—

HELP! THE RADIO IS SMASHED! THERE ARE SPIES PRESENT!

WHA..?

THERE'S BEEN A MIXUP, SOMEWHERE!

WHAT ARE YOU DOING NEAR THE BUILDING, STUPID ONE? **COME WITH ME!**

IF THEY QUESTION ME, MY DISGUISE WILL BE USELESS! ONLY ONE THING TO DO---



AND THIS IS IT! TAKE A REST FOR THE MIKADO'S SAKE CHUM!



NOW TO PUT SOME DISTANCE BEHIND ME! AND IF I'M LUCKY---



THERE IS TROUBLE--- **THIS MAY BE THE SABOTEUR!**

WUH?



THERE'S TROUBLE ALL RIGHT, RAT... YOU'RE A GOOD GUESSER!

HELP... HE FIGHTS LIKE A MADMAN!

AIIII!



BUT, GUERRILLA'S FISTS CAN ONLY POSTPONE, NOT AVOID, THE INEVITABLE! SOON...

HE PRETENDED NOT TO BELIEVE ABOUT THOSE FIFTY THOUSAND MEN, BUT HE'S WORRIED, EVEN IF I'M CAUGHT, I CAN HELP THE PLAN ALONG.

GUERRILLA! SO!
IT WAS WELL WORTH LOSING A RADIO TO HAVE CAPTURED **YOU!**

IT'S NOT JUST A RADIO YOU'VE LOST, GENERAL ---IT'S THE TOWN! THERE ARE **FIFTY THOUSAND** GUERRILLAS WAITING TO ATTACK --- ONCE THEY'VE CROSSED THE RIVER, THERE'LL BE NO OBSTACLES IN THEIR WAY!

HMM, I MUST SEND REINFORCEMENTS TO STOP THOSE GUERRILLAS FROM CROSSING THE RIVER!



PRESENTLY, IN A WELL-GUARDED PRISON ---

NICE OF THEM TO SAVE ME FOR EXECUTION! ONE THING THEY DON'T REALIZE, IS THAT I MAY HAVE A FRIEND IN THE PERSON WHO SMASHED THAT RADIO! WONDER WHO HE IS?

MEANWHILE ---

WE HAVE CAPTURED **GUERRILLA!** THE MIKADO WILL BE PROUD OF US!

CAPTURED **GUERRILLA?**
I'VE GOT TO WORK **FAST!**

SO LONG AS I SEEM TO BE AT WORK, I CAN GO ANYWHERE --- **AH, JUST THE MAN I WANT!** AND NO OTHER SOLDIERS IN SIGHT!

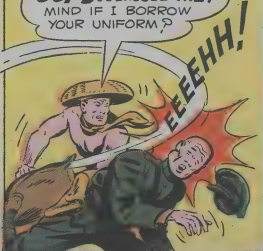
OUT OF MY WAY, INFERIOR ONE!



OOPS...EXCUSE ME!
MIND IF I BORROW YOUR UNIFORM?

SHORTLY ---

YOU HAVE DONE ENOUGH HERE! **COME WITH ME...** I HAVE OTHER WORK FOR YOU!





AND NOW, AT THE PRISON—

WHA?

SILENCE, STUPID ONE! WE MUST TAKE NO CHANCE OF GUERRILLA'S ESCAPING! PILE THE SANDBAGS AROUND THE BUILDING!

AN OFFICER'S AUTOMATIC! NOW I CAN SHOOT THE LOCK OUT OF THE DOOR --- I HAVE A FRIEND HERE!

UNEXPECTEDLY—

AIIII...THE SAND IS BURNING!

QUICK,

RUN FOR HELP! (THEY DON'T KNOW THOSE BAGS ARE FILLED WITH STRAW, NOT SAND!) WE MUST SAVE THE PRISONER FOR EXECUTION!

CRASH!



SOME OF THE SENTRIES ARE GONE --- AND THE OTHERS ARE BEING TAKEN CARE OF! TIME FOR ME TO BREAK THAT LOCK!

HIT THE DIRT, RAT!

THANKS GUERRILLA

---I KNEW YOU'D GET THE IDEA! NOW, LET'S GET GOING! I'VE GOT A HAT FOR YOU---



SHORT SPRINT, AND THEN —

THEY'LL HAVE A HARD TIME TELLING YOU FROM THE CHINESE, AND ME FROM THE JAPANESE OFFICERS!

ESPECIALLY AS THEY'RE ALL EXCITED ABOUT AN EXPECTED GUERRILLA ATTACK!



COME TO THINK OF IT, PAL --- YOU ARRANGED THAT ESCAPE NICELY! THE GUERRILLAS THEMSELVES COULDN'T HAVE DONE BETTER!

WHY SHOULD THEY? I'VE STUDIED GUERRILLA METHODS PRETTY THOROUGHLY MYSELF!



AND FROM A GOOD TEACHER, TOO! I'M JIM WELDON OF LT. COLONEL EVAN CARLSON'S **MARINE RAIDERS!** THE JAPS CAPTURED ME IN A RAID!

IF YOU KNOW GUERRILLA METHODS, I CAN UNDERSTAND WHY THEY DIDN'T HOLD YOU LONG! BUT IT'S TIME TO GET MOVING --- THERE IS AN ATTACK COMING, **AND WE'LL BE IN IT!**

MOON, THROUGH THE NARROW MOUNTAIN PASSES SLIPS A SILENT ARMY! THEN SUDDENLY ---

THE JAPS THOUGHT THESE MOUNTAINS WOULD PROTECT THEM --- BUT GUERRILLAS ARE EXPERTS AT SURPRISE!

THEY'RE CERTAINLY SURPRISED THIS TIME!



PANIC SPREADS BEFORE THE SUDDEN ONSLAUGHT ---

BY NOW, THEY'VE LEARNED THAT THE ATTACK ALONG THE RIVER WAS ONLY A BLIND --- BUT IT'S TOO LATE!

THERE ARE **THOUSANDS** OF THEM --- **RUN FOR YOUR LIFE!**

WHEN WE CAPTURE WEAPONS FROM THE JAPS, IT'S A BIG SATISFACTION TO PUT THEM TO GOOD USE LIKE THIS!



AFTER THE TOWN IS COMPLETELY WON ---

THANKS FOR YOUR HELP, COMRADES! NOW YOU HAVE **SOMETHING** TO REPORT!

IT'S **SENSATIONAL**, LO CHANG! MAYBE I'LL COME BACK SOME TIME FOR ANOTHER SCOOP!

MAYBE --- BUT I'VE GOT TO GET BACK TO MY REGIMENT!

I DON'T KNOW WHERE I'LL TURN UP NEXT --- BUT PERHAPS I'LL BE SEEING YOU SOON, GUERRILLA.

HERE'S HOPING PAL --- WHETHER WE MEET AGAIN OR NOT, **WE'LL BOTH BE GIVING THE JAPS WHAT FOR!**



HELP UNCLE SAM

-make official
PLANE models

BOY, WHAT A
PLANE! HOW'D
YU MAKE IT?

MIGHT I USED
AN X-ACTO
SET—FOR
SPEED AND
ACCURACY!

SOME KNIFE!
AND THE
BLADES ARE
SO EASY TO
RENEW, TOO!

OH, SURE—
IN ABOUT A
SECOND; B
BLADES, TOO
—ONE FOR
EACH JOB!

HERE'S THE KEY-
OFF—A 16, DETAILED
INSTALLATION GUIDE
FREE!

GEE! I WANT
TO MAKE NAVY
MODELS, TOO!
I'LL ASK DAD
FOR A SET!

OO, GEE,
DAD—
THANKS A
MILLION!

SURE, SON,
HERE'S THE
MONEY.
YOUR DADDY
UNCLE SAM
RIGHT REW!

Free!

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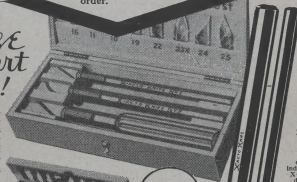
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